



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Conversations on the Natural Geography of Europe and Africa, &c. &c. By Mrs. Mathias.—London, Seely and Burnside.

THIS little Work is by Mrs. Mathias of Dublin; subjects of Geography and Natural History are happily combined in it, and treated of in the manner likely to prove most attractive to young children, while, as might naturally be expected from the well-known character of the writer, no opportunity is lost of calling the attention to the wonderful works of the Creator of all things, and pointing from nature up to nature's God. The book is printed in London, and very incorrectly: dipping into the beginning of the second volume, we read, with some astonishment, as follows:—"To the north-west of Iberia, now Iceland, is the utmost land, called Thile or Thule." From the long list of errata at the end, we discover that this should be—"To the north-west of Hibernia, now Ireland, is," &c. The Dublin demons are frisky enough, (witness our recent paper on the astronomy of the Edinburgh Review, in which, to the astonishment of Europe, they ascribe to professor Panizzi the honours that we had in our MS. bestowed upon Panizzi of Palermo,) but they seldom play quite so many strange pranks in a single clause of a sentence as we have just now noted in this London printed book.

Lothian's Pocket Bible Atlas. New Edition. Lothian, Edinburgh.

THIS is a collection of Scripture maps for pocket Bibles, containing Palestine, the journeyings of our Lord, travels of the Apostles, settlement of Noah's descendants throughout the world, track of the Egyptians from Egypt to the land of Canaan, Canaan itself, with the allotment of the tribes, in two portions, north and south, supposed site of the terrestrial paradise, and places east of the Holy Land, with finally Jerusalem, Mount Calvary, &c. These eight maps are clearly and well engraved, and an index is prefixed enumerating the principal places in the Holy Land, and the tribe which occupied each place. For simplicity and perspicuity of illustration we can recommend it as a most suitable companion to every young person's pocket Bible, and it is as cheap and pretty little book by itself.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Quarterly Review, No. LXXXV.—London, Murray.

THE present is a highly interesting Number of the Quarterly, though it contains few, if any, articles of a merely amusing nature. Those most nearly approaching that character are Temple's Travels in Peru, of which we were enabled to give our readers an account some time ago, before it was published; Gleig's life of Sir Thomas Munro, and Washington Irving's chronicle of Granada, which was published last year. The first article is on the conversions to Christianity in the South-Sea islands, effected by British missionaries—being a review of Ellis's Polynesian Researches, which, as presenting a full and satisfactory account of the conversion of a nation from paganism to Christianity, is in the highest degree important and curious. No fewer than eight works on Egyptian antiquities, five in French, two in English, and one in German, are reviewed in a subsequent paper, or rather they are made the basis

of an essay on the early Egyptian history. Our readers may remember that we presented them lately with some curious remarks on the recent hieroglyphic discoveries of M. Champollion le Jeune, from the pen of Dr. Hincks. In this paper we are happy to see the claim of our distinguished and much lamented countryman Doctor Young, to the honour of having originated those discoveries which M. Champollion has happily carried to such a length, fully and successfully vindicated. It was Dr. Young who first proved, by the help of the famous bilingual Rosetta Stone, that the hieroglyphic symbols represented words, not things; that they were alphabetic, and not pictorial or musical. There is a review of Bishop Butler's works, which contains an able summary of the principles developed in his admirable work on the analogy of revealed religion to the constitution and course of nature. Then follows an article on the political condition and prospects of France, which will be read with peculiar interest at the present moment, when that whole country is in a state of convulsed expectation of a struggle between royalty and popular rights, which seems almost to threaten destruction to the Bourbon dynasty. The causes and remedies of pauperism in the united kingdom are next discussed, and the concluding paper is on the present distress of the country. This is attributed chiefly to the fall in the money-price of all commodities; and the remedy proposed is either to increase the supply of the precious metals, by assisting the infant States of South America and Mexico to emerge from their present lamentable condition of anarchy, and apply to working the mines; or else to diminish the demand by a re-establishment of the condemned paper currency throughout Europe, accompanied by a speedy and sufficient reform of the English banking system.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, June 14.

THE badness of the weather here, has thrown a gloom over all things, and the out-door amusements are limited in number, and poor in quality; yet in rainy seasons, Paris with all its disadvantages is superior to London: here are galleries in which one can walk during the worst weather, and it is no sooner fair after a heavy shower, than the Tuilleries and the Palais Royal are crowded. As to theatres, the resource is nearly the same in both countries. In France however, the entertainment is to be had at less than half price, and this among play-goers is an important consideration. The number of good theatres in Paris is double that of London, although the population is scarcely more than half that of the English capital. The predilection for such amusements must therefore be much greater among the Parisians than with the Londoners, or how, you will say, could so many theatrical speculations answer; one of the causes of success, is in the vast difference of salaries. Here a first rate actor gets 200 or 300*l.* per annum. In London he is not satisfied unless he gets at the rate of 2000 to 3000*l.* A new Opera Comique is talked of in Paris, no such thing is wanted in addition to what we now have; but it is probably a mere government job to pension off some zealous and willing agents. While on theatricals, let me bring to your recollection the delightful Jenny Vertpré, who was so great a favourite in London. She was lately at Berlin, and the king of Prussia

having heard of it, sent to request that she would go and play at Potsdam, where he was residing. She did so to the delight of the king, who made her a splendid present, and otherwise treated her with great consideration. To rush at once from amusement to science, let me tell you of an extraordinary invention here, which must interest the public generally, and particularly the medical profession. At the sitting of the Paris Academy of Science on the 8th inst. M. Auzon, a physician, exhibited an anatomical model five feet seven inches high, in the position of the Antinoüs. It is divided into two halves for the convenience of transport, and every part is made to take to pieces, so as to represent the internal arrangement of the human subject. The muscles may be removed layer by layer, until we come to the skeleton. The brain opens, and is divided into slices exhibiting the nerves and all the ramifications. The intestines, diaphragm, lungs and pericardium are removable, and the heart is divided into cavities, with red and dark blood. Altogether it is an astonishing production. It cost the artist twelve years of labour before he could complete it; but now he will be able to make others from it, at an expense of about 3000*l.* for each subject. No cabinet of anatomy, or surgical school, should be without one of these models. Even in France, where the real subject is to be had without difficulty, the members of the academy say that it will be of great service to young students.

I forgot to mention an important discovery to you in my last letter. A Parisian chemist has established a bakehouse for bread made from potatoes, which is animalized by the addition of the gelatine made from bones. In this way a food equally pleasant and more nutritious than wheaten bread is obtained, at half the expense of the latter. A large quantity of biscuits, for the use of the African expedition, has been made upon this plan. In a time of scarcity of corn, the discovery will prove a great blessing.

London, June 15.

THE King's physicians continue to be much puzzled at the turns which the indisposition of their Royal patient takes. Sometimes they imagine—at least so say those who pretend to have their information from the fountain head—that the king cannot last more than a few days, and at other times they think he may get through the summer. The disease is stated in the Court Circular not to be dropsy, but this is not believed—or rather it is a mere trick of a word to conceal the fact. It is generally known that the king's disease is an affection of the heart and chest, and that the dropsical symptoms are secondary, as is the case usually; but to say that he has not dropsy is absurd, since it is acknowledged that he has been punctured for dropsy in the legs, and above the knee, and that an incision near the pericardium has been made with great success, to release the fluid. It would seem, however, that his Majesty does not lose his spirits. Two or three days ago, when Sir Matthew Tierney, who has been pretty much exhausted by his close attendance to his patient, entered the room, looking pale and weary, the king said, "Come, Tierney, you must take care of yourself, for I see you are giving way; and if you go on so, the patient will have to prescribe for and attend on the physician."

The newspapers, in the absence of other events of interest, have not failed to make the

most of the king's illness, and some curious anecdotes are told of the eagerness with which their caterers have exerted themselves. A few days ago, Col. Thornton, who is in attendance on the king, met the Rev. Mr. Packe, one of the canons in residence, and in answer to some question by the latter, as to the king, stated some particulars, which were heard by the correspondent of a morning paper, who was standing near unperceived; and on the following day the communication made by the colonel to his friend in confidence, appeared in the paper in question, with the colonel's name as the authority. The following is less offensive, and infinitely more amusing. A Mr. C——, who is connected with an evening paper, went down to Windsor last week to collect news, but finding on his arrival that nobody out of the castle knew any, he, with more zeal than discretion and delicacy, sent his card to Sir Henry Halford, requesting an interview. The answer was, that Sir Henry was with the king, and could not see the gentleman. Our morning paper correspondent hearing that a person named C—— had applied in this way, and not knowing who he was, supposed from the name that it must have been Sir George C——; and in his next letter from Windsor we were informed that the king was so ill that his physicians could not quit him for an instant; and that a distinguished personage who sent in his card to Sir Henry Halford, on very urgent business, received this intimation in reply.

Mr. Campbell, the poet, is said to be much vexed at the charge brought against him in the *Sligo Observer*, of having published as his own, some verses which were written by a Mr. Reynolds. We may expect to see some notice taken of the charge by Mr. Campbell, in the *New Monthly*; yet it is difficult to conceive how he can exculpate himself. He does not, however, stand alone in this way. Coleridge and Southey have had similar charges brought against them; and it is rather curious, that at this moment a work is preparing in which the exposure of many plagiarisms of the three is threatened.

A Paris Paper of Sunday states, that considerable sensation has been excited at Constantinople, by the publications of the *Petras* of Abdur-Rahim, which furnishes ample materials for the study of Mussulman legislation and social life in Turkey. The history of the press in Turkey, is short but interesting. The first press was established at Constantinople by some Jews for printing their prayer-books in Hebrew. The example was followed by the Greeks and Armenians; and the Turks at length adopted it in 1720. When Mehemed-Effendi was sent to Paris as ambassador, he was accompanied by his son, Sahid, who took great interest in arts and manufactures, and particularly in printing. On his return, after an absence of seven years, he supplicated the Sultan for permission to form a printing establishment, under the direction of Ibrahim-Effendi, a Hungarian renegade, who devoted much attention to it. By degrees this establishment sent forth Dictionaries, Grammars, accounts of travels, and even historical works; and in particular, a book on America, in which in despite of the Koran, there were engravings. During the late campaign, the government itself made use of the press, for the publication of its documents; and it is even said, that a periodical paper will be established in Constantinople, as at Cairo and Alexandria.

Cork, June 17, 1830.

There is just now running the rounds here a small pamphlet, entitled "Notes and Sketches Characteristic and Descriptive, taken during the late Special Commission at Cork." It is addressed or dedicated to C. D. O. Jephson, Esq. M. P. for Mallow, and contains a great fund of information respecting that most interesting subject, the Doneraill conspiracy. Though obviously a decided partizan, the writer tells some very unpalatable and unrefutable truths of that business: and though I am quite satisfied that you will not agree with every thing he chooses to say on the subject, still I am convinced that you will feel pleased at the style in which he delivers his sentiments. However I must not be too indiscriminate in my commendations of this pamphlet; there are in it many faults, and some, too, of a rather glaring character. Evidently an eye-witness of all the proceedings consequent upon the commission, the writer had many opportunities of coming to a right conclusion on matters which were not cognizable by casual observers; but still we find in his pages a very exaggerated tone of feeling and description; and then, indeed, they become any thing but easy reading, though I dare to say that the writing of those inflated passages was to him a perfectly facile operation. There is a great deal of what you, in critical phraseology, might term straining after point; striving for effect; endeavouring to excite a sensation; but it is on the whole a clever and very well written production, and not at all disgraceful to the local literature of our city. The writer's powers of description, whether of scenes or persons, is truly wonderful. I think I have seldom read any thing to equal those passages in which he depicts the appearance of the principal prisoners in his account of the first and most important of the trials; the look and manner of the crown witnesses or king's evidences; the aspect of the court house, as it gloomed on the night of trial, scarcely relieved by the scant sprinkling of lights through its dark passages, and the whole appearance of the arraigned whilst waiting in intense and agonizing expectance of the verdict. He is very severe, and deservedly so too, as far as I can gather, upon the rustic aristocracy of the county—*parvenus* as well as those whose ancestors were before Adam—His animadversions on the Solicitor General are, perhaps, the most exceptionable parts of the work, in point of conception and execution, and it seems to me that he must have been labouring very strongly under the influence of that unfounded prejudice against "*lank men*," which he professes, in some part of his book, to entertain, when he penned them. This pamphlet was printed and published in Cork, though it has the name of a London house on its title page, to make it, I suppose, sell the more readily, and is in point of typographical execution and quality of materials rather respectable for a city so very far behind hand in the publishing list as ours. I had almost forgotten to mention one striking fault in the composition of this work; I mean the too frequent recurrence of poetical quotations and sentences from the dramatic writers of the "olden time." Though this frequency of quotation may prove, what nobody of the writer's acquaintance doubts, that he is well and deeply read in this species of literature, and though I am myself one of those who acknowledge that plays are good things in their proper place, still I must confess that I deem these quotations in

a great degree "caviare to the general," and from their inapplicability, in many cases, worse than useless.

We are all in anxious, amiable, becoming bustle here about the revival of a society of arts, which at one time existed in our city. At no very distant period Cork possessed an institution of the kind very creditable to her taste: but the changes that took place in the circumstances of many of its citizens affected it in the same manner as such change must affect every institution which depends for support solely on the over-abundance of its upholders' means; and with poverty came apathy to the fine arts, and then tastelessness was not slow in following, and so the society of arts perished. We have always, however, had some very good artists here both in the pictorial and sculptural department, and their works have, from time to time, afforded the material for a septennial or triennial exhibition, (I am not quite clear which). In the last of these exhibitions the chief point of attraction was that wonderful unfinished painting of our deceased townsman, Forde, (your especial favourite;) and well do I remember to have marked the coldest glance kindle into a glow of enthusiasm when gazing on its almost animated creations; and to have witnessed many a fair eye fill with tears as it turned from that sublime and gigantic conception to look upon the calm, pensive, and contemptively intellectual countenance of the young and neglected artist, painted by himself only a few weeks before his untimely death, and very properly placed by the managers in juxtaposition with that immortal effort of his pencil.

Amongst the rising artists here; there is one who, though bred a baker, bids fair to rival the most celebrated sculptors of the sister isle. He is entirely self-taught. But I must now conclude; I may be tempted to discuss these matters more at length in a future letter.

J. S.

ROYAL INSTITUTION,

Albemarle-street, London, June 11.

The Friday evening meetings of the season are brought to a close: the nineteenth and last of those intellectual treats was presented to us this evening in Mr. Faraday's concluding discourse on the subject of Phonics. What an extraordinary being is this Michael Faraday! Only give him a subject, no matter what, and he will descant upon it as delightfully as Cowper did upon his accidental theme of the sofa. Bid him discourse upon the music of the spheres, the hieroglyphics of Egypt, or the Eutecheia of Aristotle, and he will be found equally at home—equally delightful, impressive, and informing. In short, I verily believe, there is nothing in heaven or earth that is not dreamt of in Mr. Faraday's philosophy: he is as versatile and as comprehensive as the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling. He is the improvisatore of the scientific world—the organ of new inventors—the mouth-piece of dumb mechanic geniuses. Do you wish to make known your discoveries in any art or science? Talk to Mr. Faraday for ten minutes, and he will announce your labours to the public ear in the most captivating form imaginable. Besides *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, as Johnson wrote of poor Goldsmith—an idea is never transmitted through his mosaic brain without being adorned and gilded in the passage. On the present occasion, with much

modesty and candour, he informed us that throughout his discourses on Phonics, he was entirely indebted to Mr. Wheatstone for his materials—he was himself but the instrument of their communication. Mr. Wheatstone was, it seems, the prompter or performer behind the scenes, while Mr. Faraday gesticulated before the audience. I have got a peep, however, at this Mr. Wheatstone, a young man of anxious, spectacle-on-nose appearance. He ventures out from his hiding-place after lecture, and offers further practical explanation of what Mr. Faraday has said. He keeps a music-shop, I am told, somewhere here in London.

With regard to the discourse of the evening—on the laws of the coexisting vibrations of strings and rods—it is curious to observe what beautiful illustration the most trivial phenomena may receive, when treated by a man of talent and taste. Things with which we have been familiar from our very childhood are brought before us as matter of philosophical investigation: our earliest amusements are taken up as illustrative of some scientific novelty, and they are thus doubly delightful from the additional zest they derive from cherished associations. After proving the possibility of the actual coexistence of various vibrations in one and the same extended string, he turned to those of rods, which by the ingenious device of the Kaleidophone are made visible to the naked eye. The simplicity of the Kaleidophone is as remarkable as the appearances it presents, are beautiful and surprising. A slender rod of highly tempered steel, tipped at one end with a brilliant spherule, is fixed at the other extremity in a sounding board—a violin bow is then drawn across the rod, when a musical tone is uttered, and the spherule is seen to describe some of the most fanciful and extraordinary curves, circles in every variety of combination and concatenation, ellipses, spirals “in wandering mazes lost,”—the bounding lines composed of minute and indefinable gyrations of fantastic tracery—description fails to convey any thing like an idea of their dazzling brilliancy and effect!

This introduced next the curious consideration of the time occupied by impressions on the retina. In the rapid whirl of a bright object—such as a polished ball suspended by a string, or the end of a cane on fire—a circle of light perfectly continuous is presented to the eye. The circle is formed by the revolution of the brilliant point with such rapidity that the impression remains upon the sight from the instant it quits a given position in the circumference till it reaches the same spot again. Another very beautiful method of exhibiting the phenomena in question, is by laying over an illuminated or transparent surface, a revolving disk, opaque, but having a single radiating slit proceeding from its centre.—Through this slit, upon the rapid revolution of the disk, the whole of the illuminated surface is distinctly seen. Mr. Faraday mentioned a circumstance which lately occurred to him, as affording further illustration of the subject. On passing by the coach, between Greenwich and Woolwich, he observed that the arsenal was distinctly visible to him, and in its whole extent, through the apertures of the paling which skirts the road; whilst through any single aperture in it, no appreciable impression could have reached the eye. The whole picture was, in this instance, evidently

formed by the combination of those separately almost imperceptible glimpses. We all see, by the bye, such things as that Mr. Faraday saw; but the same appearances call up very different reflections in the mind of the man of genius, from what they excite in those of unthinking heedless observers. Godwin makes some fine remarks on this topic in one of his works. But to bring my notes to a conclusion. Every single instantaneous impression, such as has been just now described, occupies a distinct portion of duration, though not appreciable by our ordinary methods of measuring time; yet an attempt to ascertain it, or to render it perceptible to the senses, seems not impossible by the application of the laws of vibrations in strings of given lengths and tones: for we can by an ingenious extension of the principles of the Kaleidophone make these vibrations apparent and capable of numeration.

The discourse was terminated by a suggestion of Mr. Faraday's, that it might be possible ere long, by further attention to the measurement of minute particles of time, so to procure a kind of microscopic method of magnifying them, as that we might ultimately be able to determine, by observations in the transmission of the electric fluid, whether there were two electricities or not.

There were some fair listeners in the gallery, attracted no doubt, by the hope of enjoying some more of those musical performances on strange instruments, which sent them home so delighted this night three weeks. If they failed, however, to be so much amused by the evening's entertainment, they must certainly have reaped greater advantage from these more serious illustrations of the philosophy of sound.

C.

DEBATE ON THE FORGERY BILL.

MR. T. B. MACAULEY.

House of Commons, June 12.

I was attracted to the House last Monday evening, to hear the debate on the third reading of the forgery bill, and almost for the first time in my life, I was not disappointed: the debate was excellent; I had never heard Mr. Buxton, the renowned and determined enemy of West India slavery before: he is a tall, (I like tall men, though men of genius are generally the contrary,) dignified sort of person, speaks with great force and clearness, expresses himself in good language, and reasons closely, but is not a brilliant man, nor did he evince any of that ardour or passionate diction, which from the perusal of his vehement and celebrated speech upon the slave emancipation question, I had been led to expect; he was listened to with attention. The aldermen of London provoked me; they are dull and talkative: would you believe it, they all spoke on “foreign affairs,” and the “management of our diplomatic missions.” Mr. Hume delivered six speeches in the course of the evening, and certainly made some sensible observations; of the stamp duty he observed, he would wish to see England and Ireland upon an equality; but an equality to be effected by reducing the stamps of England, not by raising those of Ireland. He invoked the Irish members, conjured them to hold fast to each other, and all would be well: the Scotch members will take care of themselves, but the Irish gentlemen never can be

got to vote at the time when their votes are most required; these remarks were made on the preliminary business of estimates, on which subject Sir J. Graham made, as usual, an eloquent and judicious speech. Sir J. Mackintosh said but a few words in proposing his amendment; I had hoped to have heard that eminent statesman at greater length, upon a measure which had been the favourite and noblest object of his political life—he possesses still the eloquence and energy worthy of a rival of Edmund Burke, and with whom that greatest of Irishmen thought it no dishonor to contend. At last the honorable member for Calne arose; my curiosity was raised to the highest pitch, to hear the far famed reviewer, the anti-slavery orator, the glory of “the Edinburgh.” Alas, never were my expectations more miserably disappointed; his voice sounded harshly upon my ear, and he seemed to have a peculiar and very unpleasant kind of lisp; he used but little action, and that little was not graceful; but what was most annoying and perfectly astounded me, was his volubility—it was inconceivably rapid; after listening for ten minutes, I found it utterly hopeless to attempt to follow him, and was compelled to content myself with his concluding sentence, whenever he stopped for breath. I repeat it, the rapidity of his utterance was astonishing, he allowed not a moment for reflection; the intonation of his voice continued unchanged throughout strained to the highest pitch, on he went, pouring out his words, like the patter of a spout in a heavy shower. What I did hear was wrong without being in the least brilliant. He broached the most unsound opinions, such as that “the opinion of the people, right or wrong, should be assented to,” and talked of the “bloody drudgery” of Sir Robert Peel's office under the old system, in deciding whether the punishment of death for forgery, should be inflicted or not. Altogether I was vexed and offended, for Mr. Macauley did not even evince taste in the selection of his language; I learned from this exhibition, that it is possible for a man to be a bold critic and a shallow reasoner, to be a showy writer, a bad orator, and a superficial statesman.

W.

ON THE STATE OF PARTIES IN DUBLIN.

There is, perhaps, no theory more generally advanced and admitted than that which attributes the strong and marked features that distinguish neighbouring nations from each other, to differences of language, laws, government, and institutions, while those great natural boundaries, which nature herself has erected as the landmarks of kingdoms, are altogether overlooked; and

—“The Alps, the Apennines, The Pyrenean and the river Po,” find little either of favour or consideration in the eyes of those who advocate a generalisation of Mr. Owen's system. Human nature, say they, is the same every where; but I confess it has long appeared to me that every, even the most trivial observance or custom cultivated by any people, could be satisfactorily traced to some one peculiarity or other in their local circumstances. I would undertake to shew the fact of the Rhine's flowing (where and how it does,) to be a most excellent reason why the inhabitants of one side should love fighting and frogs, while those of